

The College Cheer

ESSE QUAM VIDERI

VOL. XV.

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE, SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1923

No. 12

ALUMNI FORCED TO SWALLOW CIPHERS

FRANTIC EFFORT TO CRUSH OUR ATTACK FAILS COMPLETELY.

Hopelessly outclassed by the brilliant array of classy baseball players pitted against them, the pitiable team drawn up by the Alumni was forced to taste of the most bitter dregs of defeat when they succumbed to the masterly twirling of Flynn. Not only were they completely repulsed and humiliated, but they were obliged to bow to our prowess even after concocting and employing the most unsportsmanlike of puerile tricks in their frantic efforts to land the game.

No clearer acknowledgement of the absolute mistrust of a team in its players, no more convincing admission to the opponent's superiority, is possible, than employing the paltry, childish method of trying to win games by trickery.

We all appreciate a joke; but when one party so outrageously takes complete advantage over the other—exit silk-glove treatment.

But "he who laughs last laughs best." And the last laugh came after the game, when in spite of this utter unsportsmanlike action all the Alumni could reap from the field of action—and dispute—were great big "goose-eggs," goose-eggs filled with the bitter ashes of failure, fringed with the conviction that our ball-tossers are far superior to their "have-beens" or "never-were's," and completely inundated with an overwhelming baptism of "RAZZBERRIES."

Still, we must consider this hasty action from the viewpoint of the hopelessly lost, i. e., the Alumni. To have succumbed silently to the undeniable superiority of the college nine would have been quite embarrassing. Experience teaching them that we mean business, anxious glances at the flashy nine trotted out by Coach Radican instilled fear into them all, and in a frantic effort to "pull the chestnuts out of the fire" they concocted an unfair scheme—and had their fingers burned.

It is regrettable that fear of de-

feat prompted our opponents to employ trickery, for had they played the game it is a certainty that it would have been a real beauty. The great "Fritz" Wellman of Purdue U fame, was twirling fine ball for them, and with the famous Father Deery on the initial sack the lineup was really the most formidable presented by the "Old Settlers" in years. As it was, the 2-0 count speaks highly for both teams.

Placing ourselves in the situation of the Alumni officials, we fully believe they meant it as a practical joke. With this in mind we can forgive the "bad boys;" however, we are equally convinced all unbiased Alumni will agree that the matter of the "joke" bordered a bit too much on the serious to admit of the term Joke.

Adieu, Alumni, and may the Fates assist you until next Alumni Day in finding players sufficiently capable of at least giving us opposition without the useless concoction of a clever yet slightly serious "joke."

VARSITY IS UPSET AT KOUTS BY SEMI-PROS

Making their first appearance upon a foreign field, our nine bravely tackled the powerful semi-pros of Kouts, Ind. Though the final score showed Kouts victorious, 6-1, the college men surprised all by their dash and fight. This, the first reversal of the season, is yet far more honorable than the 29-4 drubbing we handed Goodland Hi.

Neff and Flynn Superb

Tommie Neff had the slugging locals eating out of his hand for four innings, whiffing seven of 15 batsmen, and allowing but one lonely single. In the three frames in which Flynn worked, the semi-pros collected two hits, while six men were mown down by Bill's wicked shoots.

Continued on page 7)

"THE DEAD WITNESS"

A Four-Act Drama, To Be Presented
Commencement, June 12, by
C. L. S.

Dramatis Personae

King Henry V. of England.....Carl Gehrlich
Duke of Norfolk.....Donald Collins
Marquis of Dorset.....Thomas P. Daley
Sir John Merlin.....Joseph Rohling
Duke of Kent.....Sebastian Alig
Lord Falmouth.....Adam L. Sattler
Edwin, son of Kent.....Eugene Pohlman
Alfred, son of Kent.....Paul Reed
The Fool.....Walter Wartinger
Tyrrel, tool of Kent.....Alphonse Uhrich
Cantwell, tool of Kent.....Raymond Osterhage
Orton, tool of Kent.....John Deiter
Mandeville, tool of Kent.....Vincent Madison
Gypsy.....Leo A. Gattes
Attendants, Servants, Etc.

Music furnished by the Orchestra.

Synopsis of Scenes

Act I.—Room in palace of Lord Falmouth.
Act II.—Same.
Act III.—Forest Retreat.
Act IV.—Apartment in Royal Castle.

Synopsis of Play

Time and scene of the play is the first half of the 15th century, during the reign of Henry V. of England. The plot evolves itself in the treachery of Lord Falmouth who, tricked by his evil genius Tyrrel, strives to possess himself of his brother's wealth and titles. During his absence on the battlefields of France the Duke of Kent entrusts his properties and his children to the care of his brother, the Lord of Falmouth. The latter's associates are a set of murderous gamblers. Sir John Merlin argues with Lord Falmouth that he is doing injury to his brother, the duke, but to no avail. Kent unexpectedly returns, in the guise of a pilgrim, and investigates the condition of affairs.

A gypsy boy gives this information to Lord Falmouth who, together with his henchmen, arranges for an attack upon Kent who is mortally wounded, but not slain. The conspirators next plot to poison Kent's children, but in this they are thwarted by a trusty servant of the Duke who plays the part of a court fool. In the last act Kent appears at whose request the king shows mercy to Falmouth, but to the chief criminals due justice is meted out.



Society therefore is as ancient as the world.—Voltaire, a Philosophical Dictionary.

FIRST VOLUNTARY PRAYER DAY OBSERVED BY C. S. M. C.

Unit Presents Interesting Program of Varied Nature.

At the last general meeting of the C. S. M. C. it was agreed upon to observe on the regular Mission Sunday a Voluntary Prayer Day in connection with the regular program for that day. The first of these was accordingly observed on Sunday, April 29. No less than approximately one hundred and fifty students responded to the call and found their way to the chapel immediately after breakfast. A group of young men praying for a common cause at any time is edifying to say the least; but when we realize that the above number corresponded so generously on a mere suggestion, what shall we say?

Immediately after, a general meeting of the Unit was conducted in Alumni Hall. Arthur Froehle, Delegate-in-chief to the Fourth National Convention, delivered a most pleasing address on "Why Should We Be Represented at The Next Convention?" The reports of both Field Secretary and Treasurer showed that the Unit is "booming."

The Crusade had the last word in Alumni Day activities, when they presented an interesting program of varied nature in Alumni Hall. An illustrated lecture on the Dayton Convention, several selections by the College Choir under the direction of Father Justin, a two reel comedy together with a "silent comedy," by two of our local comedians, Alphonse Uhrich and James Lauer, were the numbers rendered. "The Shield," the second prize in the Junior Unit Campaign and the gift of St. Joseph's Unit was on display upon this occasion.

This year may go down in history as the year of no coal strike.

The only cure for spring fever is winter and even that usually fails.

FINAL MEETING OF C. L. S.

Rev. Director Pronounces Sentence of "Well Done," Upon Scanning Year's Activities.

The final meeting of the C. L. S. for the scholastic year '22-'23 was held Sunday morning, April 29. After the usual business had been disposed of, George Saum and Carl Willacker presented a most interesting debate. The affirmative of, "Resolved, That Students of good standing should be exempt from the regular examinations," was upheld by George Saum, and the negative by the latter. To the chagrin of many an "eleventh hour" man the vote of the judges went to the negative.

In a short address Father Ildephonse Rapp, the Director, expressed himself as being well pleased with the results of the year's efforts. Mr. Honan likewise lauded the society for the accomplishments of '22-'23. To use the words of the President of the Society, Adam L. Sattler, "may God in His goodness spare Father Ildephonse and Mr. Honan to the C. L. S., and to St. Joseph's for many, many years."

A big wheat crop is predicted. Say it with flour.

NEWMAN'S STILL IN THE FRAY

Present Private Program on April 22.

Neither the spring fever nor examinations got the best of our energetic Junior Dramatists. For on Sunday, April 22, they presented a private program, surpassing in merit all efforts of like nature of the entire year. We understand that another private program is scheduled before June rolls around, showing that the Newman's certainly work till the sun goes down. Well might they say, "Watch us grow in '23-'24."

BLUE MONDAY*

(With apologies to A. Dirksen.)

How strange my ignoring,
The calling like roaring
That broke up my snoring
And left me half dead.

The plow I have followed,
In turned ground too wallowed
Till waste of time swallowed
A week day I dread.

The birdies singing,
The Angelus ringing,
This cheer now seems bringing—
"Unhitch and to bed."

*While thinking of one of the very few joyless days of vacation.

—Werner Rauh.

Frenzied Fans

"She appears to be movie mad."
"No wonder. They've had to move seven times in the past year."

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MORNING DELIGHTS

The moon has left the heavens dark,
The stars have traversed o'er the sky,
While Auster from his rainy park
Brings warmth and rain to pass-
ers-by.

Aurora gleams with light anew,
The clover sparkles in the light,
The foliage is moist with dew,
And rain has fallen through the night.

The robin chirps his bugle call,
And chanticleer with head uplift,
When morning's dew begins to fall
Sings praises to Aurora's gift.

The country lad drives home the kine,
The city folk, O Morpheus, dear!
Upon whose sleep the sun doth shine
Forego the morning's bracing cheer.

—Werner Rauh.

A WONDROUS PICTURE

Everyone of us is the possessor of a beautiful picture gallery, known as "Memory." Some of its chambers we cherish dearly and keep in immaculate condition, for we are fond to visit and enjoy them, so we can enjoy anew the fond recollections there exhibited. In others the keen pleasure we once experienced has withered or died and we have allowed the chambers to become forgotten; those once beautiful pictures have become faded, perhaps we have become even negligent and lost the keys to them.

Whoever has visited St. Joseph's Chapel will agree that its place in our memory gallery belongs to the cherished chambers, and to one we will with pleasure frequently visit. As an assurance therefore of my good faith let me promptly state my reason for the narrative, which shall be that of stained glass.

The principal incentive for my admiration is a beauty, whose authentic characteristic is a splendor, that, calm as it may appear to us now, came into its own in a turbulent time. May we say perhaps that its calm splendor is due to the fact that in those days the blood of all ran high. Not only the warrior and statesman were put to test for their sterling qualities, but, that the artist also felt the strain and emerged from the spell with an achievement of lasting beauty for those who care to appreciate it. My purpose this time is to view and enjoy the beauty of our stained glass, and not to indulge in the technique of its construction.

We will derive the utmost pleasure

of the beauty of the large window in the west wall of our chapel, if we study it when clouds obscure the sun, for it is then that we get an even light over the window and do not run the risk of having some colors spoiled by a mingled dazzling which pierces the extreme beauty of this wonderful creation.

The window we are now admiring is canopied with a generous sized border tinted in neutral colors. The purpose of this border, which deserves particular notice for its wealth of decoration, is to allow sufficient light to enter the chapel. While this is allowed for a practical reason, we will notice that monotony of tone is avoided and warmth imparted to the window through relief of the blue and gold coloring. All will agree that its simplicity of design is entirely in keeping with the balance of this window.

The canopy of this window becomes at once part of the main picture, enhancing the prospective as a whole, adding to its general effect. There is so much in it for us to admire that it seems invidious to suggest special attention to any individual detail. However, I cannot leave it without bestowing praise on the pains put forth with the angels at either side, who are holding in their hands graceful scrolls. While they actually become part of the frame, they also add artistic strength to the ensemble with a result that is pleasing, and after all that is what concerns me the most.

We observe that instead of employing architectural detail to a prominent end the artist relegated it to its proper place, namely that of assisting his whole composition in placing his main group. One cannot help noticing the artist's skill displayed in lending columns of green malachite and of polychrome marble which vie in brightness with the partial colored pavement of rich hues. The warm rosy tones given to the stones help much to strengthen the entire picture. These warm tints of the marble offer a splendid opportunity for the artist to introduce also the blue sky, with a suggestion of the surrounding country. However, we cannot linger here too long even though we appreciate the atmosphere so effectively introduced.

Against this classical background we behold an appreciative group, resigned and listening to Christ teaching in the Temple. The eye is delighted and "splendid" appears to be the only word that I feel can adequately express my opinion. The poise of the Child is so graceful, that for the moment I fail to realize that the splendor which amazes and captivates me is made out of glass. The

unusual robe of Jesus, daring in its brilliancy, is nevertheless wondrous in design.

In the foreground on the marble steps, reclining in a graceful repose, we note one of the scribes, eager to catch every word of the Child, with his stylus tactfully raised ready to make notations on his waxed tablet, whose container is seen directly before him. I cannot help but observe the radiant attire of this richly-clad scribe. The soft blue girdle gathered about the richly embroidered robe, which reflects soft blue tones at his knees, deepen into red, deep and rich among the folds. What can it be but the constant change of color in this garment as the light shifts, which causes me to delay my departure. As the sun fades this change of color seems to glow brighter in this scribe on the marble steps.

Immediately behind the Child we observe two High Priests who are bent on questioning Him. What could be finer than the manner in which one bends over in his eagerness to question? Surely the disposal of these two figures help much to make the entire ensemble admirable. The garments of the figure in the foreground we cannot pass by without giving special praise for the time spent upon enriching the brocade of his Naples-yellow costume, unusual for the brilliancy of the hues and decorative detail involved.

For another good example note the pains the artist took with the bearded priest in the background, with his wine colored cap, which is so effectively displayed. His aged and learned face in contrast with that of the Child, who imparts knowledge to his elders, is indeed remarkable. This must have given the artist as much satisfaction as it imparts to me.

I wonder what it is that causes me to linger so long over the priest who stands to the left, with his hands outstretched as if he were weighing the value of the various issues, for his own satisfaction. Can it be chiefly for the excellent blue robe with the heavy gold clasp, with its peculiar charm that changes with the varying light? Or is it the unusual dark purple under-robe that holds my attention so long? Surely no evidence of monotony is depicted here for in no two locations do I find the same colour.

Opposite the Child in a richly embellished chair a High Priest sits and it is here that the artist is at his best; not only in the position of the priest but also in the masterly combination of strong colours and tones,

(Continued on page 6)

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EDITORIALS

WHEN OLD FRIENDS MEET

Return! Ye friends so long departed!
That like o'erflowing rivulets started,
And now are dwindled, one by one
To varied channels under the sun!

We students all welcome Alumni Day with a joy that is not much less than that which is experienced once a year in June. Friends return whom we have not seen for many a day. The time is a day of great reunion when loyal sons of old St. Joe return to greet and shake again the hand of that good old acquaintance made in college days. From far and near, priests and laymen come to celebrate the gala day in Collegeville, their home of former years.

Friendship,—that great bond that unites fellowmen in a union of brotherly love is renewed, and all is cheer and gaiety. Reminiscences are exchanged, some of joy, some of regret; and many a seemingly impossible prank or joke is related with the sincerity of an oath; to which we, (using a mild term) must say, impossible! But we are happy to meet you gentlemen of the Alumni, just the same, and we wait anxiously for the time when we may be numbered among you.

MOTHER!

Sunday, May 13, is Mother's Day. And we have no doubt but that the number of those, who shall appreciate the profound significance of the occasion and will be hallowed by its profound observance, shall run well up into the millions. It could hardly be otherwise; for, emanating from the relations of motherhood as from their source, come the tenderest sentiments, the noblest aspirations, the most refining influences of individual character and of social development. How truly wonderful is mother love! How admirable and constant, a mother's devotion! How heroic, maternal

self-sacrifice! Verily, motherhood is the closest image of Godhood, of which humanity can boast.

We have in mind, of course, the genuine mother, not merely the parent; for between these two there is a vast difference. The mother realizes the holy privilege of co-operating with God in the divine plan of human creation, and she appreciates the awful responsibility of the guardianship of the immortal souls of her children; and the parent simply regards her progeny as appurtenances to her household, to be acquired in moderation, during the ordinary course of married life. The mother looks upon the little ones as blessings, as pledges of the favor of Heaven; the parent considers them in the light of her own convenience and pleasure-seeking. The mother lives for her children; the parent lives for herself and the prosecution of her social ambition. The mother makes her residence a home; the parent makes the house a habitation.

For the mothers and their children, Mothers' Day shall be a delightful feast; for the parents and their progeny a perfunctory observance. For the former, it shall be an occasion for an extraordinary manifestation of sincere love; for the latter, merely a compliance with the requirements of a popular social custom.

It is good to feel, however, that our great country is blest with an abundance of true mothers. The fact, that our moral sensibilities are shocked by the phenomena of mere parents, proves conclusively that genuine Christian motherhood is one of the dominant ideals of our beloved Land. Let us pray to the Maiden-Mother of our Divine Saviour that this ideal may grow ever stronger with the passage of time.

THE UNCONQUERABLE ARMY

Missionary effort has always been a striking and dominant characteristic of the Church of which God has blessed you and me as children. At all periods of her history, zealous children of her communion have willingly left home and kindred, turned their backs upon every prospect of life, and gone forth into distant lands, to do and dare for the good of souls and the cause of Jesus Christ. They have gone forth with no arms of defense but the cross of Christ within their belts, with no nation to await their success and avenge their death; but Christ Himself to inspire to counsel, to guide and to crown. Behold them begging their way across the mountains, pleading for passage on sea-going vessels, reaching thru danger and tempest, the far-away huts of painted savages, there amid suspicion and distrust, ingratitude and disappointment, hardship, torture and often martyrdom seeking to replete,

Christianize and civilize. No eye saw their labors and struggles but the eye of God and no companion cheered and consoled them but Christ Jesus. The victories dreamt of by Alexander and Napoleon with seemingly unconquerable armies and unlimited resources, these men have gained for Christ by the power of the Cross and the sacrifice of their lives alone.

Nor are there flaming pillars of faith and charity, luminaries only of ages that are past. The materialism of our day with its bold, hard calculating instincts, its low ideals and its debauching influence has not been able with its rewards for genius and emoluments for industry to quench the consuming flame for Christ in the ardent soul of our own times. Yet go forth from every monastery and every home of Catholicity, zealous souls, aflame with the love of the Master. "Fools," "Idiots," cries out the world, but peace smiles from their lips and rests contently within their hearts. Unto Africa, China, Japan and every island thrown in the wastes of the seas, they go, treading the paths that are lined with martyrs' graves, desiring nothing better than if necessary that they might be lifted up as was the Master, that the teeming masses might be lifted up to them.

Can we rest easy and neglect to encourage and foster the missionary spirit? Can we let this valiant army work alone while we watch on? Is it possible for others to go on to ruin without an effort on our part to save them?

SAVING THE LITTLE ONES

The orphanage is the gate of heaven to not a few of the little children of the Bengal Mission. The babies of the jungles have a hard fight for life. Many of them, when brought to the good Sisters, remain alive only long enough to have the saving waters of baptism poured upon their foreheads, before their innocent souls wing their way to heaven. "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

The nickels and dimes of the self-sacrificing boys and girls of America are helping the Sisters to carry on this noble work of saving souls.—The Bengalese.

Fame, in itself, is not worth one atom. Useful achievement is the real thing to strive for.—John McHugh.

Youth's readiness to promise is one of youth's most charming attributes.

Most of us make wrinkles worrying over things that never happen or that have happened already.

AIN'T WE GOT FUN?

What should a man do but bemerry?—Hamlet.

Remarkable From the First

The teacher had told her pupils to write a short essay about Lincoln, and the boy handed in the following:

"Abraham Lincoln was born on a bright summer day, the twelfth of February, 1809. He was born in a log cabin he had helped his father to build."

The small girl was paying her first visit alone, and was drilled carefully beforehand by her mother as to how she was to behave.

"If they ask you to dine with them," the mother said, "you must say, 'No, thank you, I have already dined.'"

The child listened attentively, and accordingly, when her little friend's father said, "Come along, Molly, You must have a bite with us," she remembered her mother's instructions, and said in a polite and dignified manner, "No, thank you, I have already bitten."

The Voice of Experience

New Conductor: "I'm sure the old boy there has paid his fare twice. Think I had better tell him about it?"

Motorman: "Why, no! Ask him for it again."

Not Particular

Housewife: "I will not give you anything. Do you know who I am?"

Tramp: "No, Mum."

Housewife: "Well, I am a policeman's wife, and if my husband were here he would take you, and quickly, too."

Tramp: "I believe you, mum. Your husband would take anybody."

A frivolous young English girl, with no love for the Stars and Stripes, once exclaimed at a celebration where the American flag was very much in evidence: "Oh, what a silly-looking thing the American flag is! It suggests nothing but checker-berry candy."

"Yes, replied a bystander, "the kind of candy that has made everybody sick who has tried to lick it."

Pat Carrigher, strolling down a country road, noticed a sign at the entrance of a village, which read as follows: "All Jews, Ku Kluxers, Turks, etc., etc., are welcome here. Catholics are not allowed."

Underneath the sign Pat wrote the following words:

"Whosoever wrote this, wrote it well, The same is written on the gates of hell."

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SERIOUS AND OTHERWISE

What is Fiction?

Fiction is not nature, it is not character, it is not imaginative history; it is a fallacy, a poetic fallacy, pathetic fallacy, a lie you like, a lie that is at once false and true—false to fact, true to faith.—Hall Caine.

What is a draft?

An ill wind that blows nobody good.

What was the report of the group of senators who recently visited our national forests?

That we are not yet out of the woods.

What is the state flower of Indiana?
Carnation.

Explain the meaning of the initials I. H. S., as found on various Religious articles!

I. H. S. is the monogram of the name of our Saviour. It is formed by the first three letters of IHSOUS, the Greek for Jesus. Sometimes it has been wrongly understood as containing the initial letters of "Jesus Hominum Salvator," "Jesus the Saviour of Men," or "Jesus Hierosolymae Salvator," "Jesus the Saviour of Jerusalem."

What is the motto of the State of Ohio?

Imperium in Imperio. An Empire Within an Empire.

Name the Patron Saints of the United States, South America and Mexico!

The Immaculate Conception, St. Rose of Lima and Our Lady of Guadalupe respectively.

A WONDROUS PICTURE

(Continued from page 3)

which though mellow are yet harmonious.

Whoever has seen this dignitary will never forget his haunting face; a persistent memory it is bound to be. Surely here the artist did not hesitate which part of his palette to use, for what could be more daring or more successfully done than the simple though attractive undergarment of green, which by its sheerness lends itself so gracefully to numerous intricate folds. While covering this is a mellow yellowish or orange-brown cloak sufficiently fluctuating in its shading as to lend a sense of inspiration to it all. A peculiar charm is added by the rich red of the flounce which pictures to us as a whole, a stately figure richly robed and a colour scheme so harmonious and warm that it is almost pulsating.

All the while we sit before this wondrous picture of glass and fail to note the slowly dying sun that is languidly shifting its tints, until we note that the once gay riot of brilliancy is turning to the grave, from heather purple to dull blue, to blue grey, to grey; and as the sun sinks into oblivion, our cherished beauty twinkles from our sight like the out-popping of the extinguished altar candle after services.

The peculiar charms of this window, containing the bugle cry of red, the limpid confidence of white, the glory of yellow as well as the virginal purity of blue, will be remembered forever and cherished in the chambers of my memory.

—Joseph Bechtold.

There is a shortage of log cabins for presidents to be born in.

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VARSITY IS UPSET AT KOUTS BY SEMI-PROS

(Continued from page 1)

First Inning: St. Joe threatened at the outstart. Roach swung at three. Alig connected for a hit, so did Lauer. All was lost, however, when Wulfhorst hit into a double play. Two hits, no runs.

Fifth Inning: Hoffman rapped our third hit, and stole second. Pischke again fanned; Neff took a four-ball count, was sacrificed by McGuire, only to stranded when Klen struck out. Kouts: Winke lined to Neff. This must have upset our clever hurler, for the next man walked, and two successive doubles netted two runs. Wellman fanned. Klen helped their cause by fumbling Loomis' grounder. Claussen laced out their third double, and Matty tallied. Alig pulled down Majot's liner for the third out. Three hits, three runs.

Sixth Inning: A free ticket to Roach paved the way to our lone marker. He stole second. Alig lined to Loomis. On Lauer's out via grounder to short Roach sprinted to third. On the attempt to nail him Claussen overthrew to third and Roach raced across the rubber. No hits, one run. Kouts: Flynn pitching for St. Joe. He applied the brakes to the veterans' dash by administering a generous dose of strike-out pills. Clenderst fanned, Winke walked, the next two also whiffed.

Ninth Inning: Alig flied out to right. Lauer bit at the third strike. Majot in center gobbled up Wulfhorst's liner—and St. Joe bowed to the first defeat of the season.

Kouts—	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Matty, lf.	4	2	1	1	0	0
Wellman, c.	5	0	0	14	0	0
Loomis, 2d b.	4	0	1	2	0	0
Claussen, 1st b.	4	0	2	6	0	1
Majot, cf.	3	0	0	1	0	0
Clenderst, rf.	3	0	0	1	0	0
Winke, 3d b.	2	1	0	2	3	0
Gucinsky, ss.	2	2	0	0	0	0
C. Ranier, p., rf.	4	1	2	0	2	0
Eldens, p.	1	0	0	0	1	0

32 6 6 27 6 1

St. Joe—	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Roach, 3d b.	3	1	0	2	1	1
Alig, lf.	4	0	1	1	0	1
Lauer, cf.	4	0	1	0	0	0
Wulfhorst, c.	4	0	0	14	0	1
Hoffman, 1st b.	3	0	1	2	0	1
Pischke, 2d b.	3	0	0	2	1	1
Neff, p.	2	0	0	2	1	1
McGuire, rf.	1	0	0	0	0	0
Klen, ss.	3	0	0	1	0	1
Flynn, p.	1	0	0	0	0	0

28 1 3 24 3 6

St. Joe..	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0—1
Kouts ..	0	0	0	0	3	0	1	2	x—6

Two-Base Hits: Claussen, 2; Matty; Ranier. Stolen Bases: Roach; Hoff-

man; Winke; Claussen, 2. Hits: Off Neff 4 in 5 innings; off Flynn 2 in 3; off Ranier 3 in 7 innings; off Eldens none in 2. Base on Balls: Off Neff, 3; off Flynn, 2; off Ranier, 1. Struck Out: By Neff, 8; by Flynn, 6; by Ranier, 10; by Eldens, 4. Winning Pitcher: "Chief" Ranier. Losing Pitcher: Neff. Double Plays: Winke-Claussen; Roach-Pischke. Hit by Pitched Ball: Winke. Earned Runs: Kouts, 5; St. Joe, 0. Passed Ball: Wulfhorst. Umpire: Manning.

ORATORY CONTEST ON MAY 10

The annual oratory contest will be held in Alumni Hall on Thursday evening, May 10, at 8 o'clock.

The preliminary or elimination contest is being held on Monday evening, May 7, at 7:30 o'clock. In the preliminaries the participants of the final contest are chosen.

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ST. JOE OPENS SEASON WITH SWEEPING VICTORY

Our Red and Purple Nine hopped off to a flying start on Sunday, April 22, when they sent the Lafayette K. C. crew home with the short end of an 8-1 score. Quite the thing for us because of the victorious opener; however, the game itself was void of thrills and after the first three innings was a mere 1-2-3 affair.

Flynn The Outstanding Hero

With twenty strike-outs to his credit, our clever twirler, "Bill" Flynn, is accountable for the grand getaway. Showing all his oldtime smoke and twisters, he held the visitors to one lonely hit, a single by Cane in the Fifth. Until the ninth frame only three Caseys saw the first cushion, while none saw second.

St. Joe Starts With a Rush

Our lads lost no time in piling up a huge lead. Hopping onto the offerings of Lefty Rielly in the very first frame, they crossed the rubber five times after our first two men had been retired in order. Lauer was safe through Schreiner's muff of his grounder. Our notorious pilferer at once stole second, then third. Pischke and Neff were issued a free ticket. With the sacks loaded, Klen poked a beauty to right, sending across the first two runs of the season. On Hoffman's hit to right Neff was held at third for some unaccountable reason.

The sacks were again jammed, and two gone. Wulfhorst worked the pitcher to a 2-3 count, fouled one, then slammed the next one to the gym for three sacks. Flynn ended this stanza with a grounder to second.

Three More Added in Third

In the third frame our men shoved across three more markers, which proved to be our last. These were all due to very ragged infielding of the Caseys. After this inning Holladay mounted the rubber for the visitors, and engaged in a real hurler's battle with Flynn. Not a St. Joe batter saw first in the six innings, and ten were sent back to the bench via the strike-out route.

Caseys Score in Ninth

The visitors' lone tally oozed across in the ninth. Rielly was safe on Hoffman's second error, but died when Wulfhorst neatly grabbed Doorn's bunt before the plate and cut off Rielly at second. Alumnus Hession, batting for Schreiner, cut the air with three husky swings. Mann was given a free ticket, Holladay failed to get out of the horsehide's path. With two gone, one of Flynn's wicked ones eluded Wulfhorst and Doorn raced across with the solitary score. The next batter, Cane, proved to be strike-out number 20 for Flynn.

Score:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R	H	E
K. C.'s	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	4
St. Joseph's....	5	0	3	0	0	0	0	0	x	8	4	3

Three base hit: Wulfhorst. Hits off Riehle, 4 in 3 innings. Base on balls: Riehle 3, Flynn 2. Struck out: Riehle 3, Holladay 10, Flynn 20. Double play: Schreiner-Mann. Stolen bases: Lauer 3, Neff. Hit batsman: Holladay. Wild pitch: Riehle. Passed ball: Wulfhorst. Time of game: 2:02. Umpire: Maloney.

GOODLAND HI FALLS BEFORE FUSILLADE OF ST. JOE BINGLES

Slashing the old horsehide for 22 pelts, including two homers, four triples, and three doubles, Coach Radican's base ball artists experienced no trouble in piling up a 29-4 count against the high school lads from Goodland.

The game cannot really be termed so much as a good practice game. There was no pep in the game, and the huge score must be attributed more to Goodland's lamentable weakness than to our prowess. Seven errors by our lads show need of much improvement if we are to take the Kouts professionals into camp Sunday, and happily dole out ciphers to the Alumni on Wednesday.

The hurling for St. Joe was performed by Roach in a very steady and brainy manner. He kept the six hits allowed well scattered, and the four runs scored in the fifth were all due to very ragged infield support.

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